DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#36 JUL '00

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!

VELMA COMMITS CRIMES?

SCOOBY HATES FOOD?

FRED & DAPHNE IN LOVE?

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

STATON & HUNT

THERE'S YOUR PHANTOM UNICYCLIST, OFFICERS. IT WAS MRS. MARSTON ALL ALONG.

BUT- BUT...

DON'T DENY IT, MRS. MARSTON. HERE'S THE COSTUME AND UNICYCLE WE FOUND *HIDDEN* AWAY UNDER YOUR *BED*.

EVER SINCE I *BROKE MY HIP* LAST FALL, I CAN BARELY CLIMB THE STAIRS. HOW COULD I POSSIBLY *RIDE* ONE OF THOSE THINGS, EVEN IF I KNEW HOW?

THAT'S WHAT YOU'D LIKE EVERYONE TO *BELIEVE*. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU *STOLE* AND *HID* YOUR OWN JEWELS IN ORDER TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON THEM.

THEN YOU'D *SELL* THE ACTUAL JEWELS THEMSELVES, DOUBLING YOUR PROFIT.

THAT'S ALL THE PROOF I NEED.

COME ALONG, MRS. MARSTON. YOU'RE *GOING TO JAIL* FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

BUT I *DIDN'T* DO IT!

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE.

POLICE 911

HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET SOMETHING TO EAT? MY TREAT.

NAH. I'M NOT HUNGRY.

YOU'RE NEVER HUNGRY. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SO SKINNY.

THAT'S A BRILLIANT OBSERVATION, MISS STATE-THE-OBVIOUS.

WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOUR EXPERTISE ON THE UNICYCLE. YOU'RE SO GRACEFUL.

AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS I SPENT TRAINING WITH THE CIRCUS, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT.

FEISTY, TOO. I GUESS THAT'S WHY I MARRIED YOU.

SMOOCH

DOUBLE TROUBLE

IF NOBODY WANTS TO EAT, THEN WHADDYA SAY WE COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME?

YEAH!

WRITER: JOHN ROZUM
PENCILLER: JOE STATON
INKER: DAVE HUNT
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA
COLORIST: PAUL BECTON
ASSISTANT EDITOR: HARVEY RICHARDS
EDITORS: HEIDI MacDONALD and JOAN HILTY

DINER

GLOBE

READY...

...RET SET...

SYRUP

...RO!

CHOMP CHOMP

VELMA, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

CHOMP CHOMP

THIS NEWSPAPER ARTICLE FOR ONE THING.

WHY? THAT'S A *GREAT* HEADLINE, VELMA.

MYSTERY INC. KIDS--HERO

OH. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

WHAT DOES IT SAY, FRED?

MYSTERY INC. KIDS--HEROES?

"THE MYSTERY INC. KIDS RECENTLY INVESTIGATED THE CASE OF THE PHANTOM UNICYCLIST. THEIR PAST RECORD OF CASE SOLVING WAS IMPECCABLE. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THEIR OWN MOTIVES ARE SUSPECT."

WHAT?!

The Mystery Inc. Kids accused an innocent woman of the crime, then left the scene with the crime unsolved and the stolen merchandise still not found. turns out that they have acted in the same manner on two other recent investigations. surprising, it

WE NEVER INVESTIGATED ANY CASE OF THE PHANTOM UNICYCLIST!

THE OTHER TWO CASES THEY MENTIONED WEREN'T OURS EITHER.

THEN WHAT'S GOING ON?

GLOBE

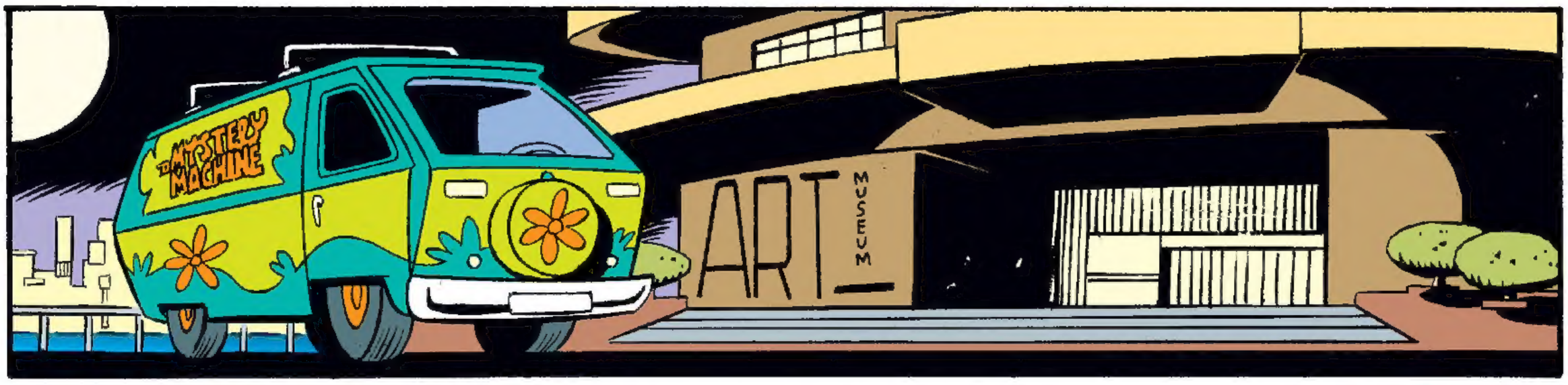
IT APPEARS THAT IN A LONG, DISTINGUISHED CAREER OF SOLVING MYSTERIES, WE ARE FACED WITH A MYSTERY WE'VE NEVER HAD TO INVESTIGATE BEFORE...

...OURSELVES.

CAN WE START OUR INVESTIGATION AFTER BREAKFAST?

THESE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BREAKFASTS ARE A GREAT DEAL.

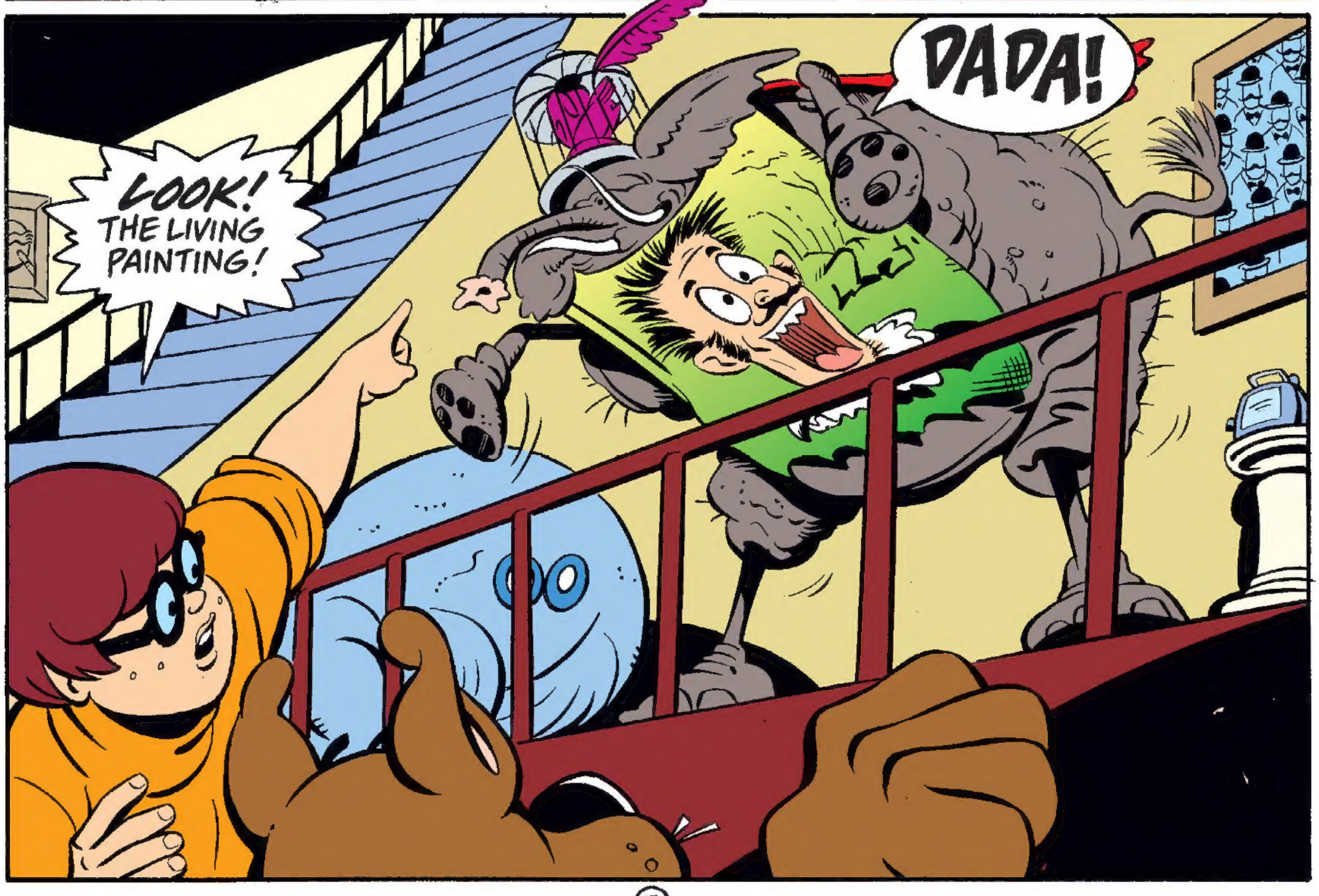
WAITRESS!


MYSTERY MACHINE
ART MUSEUM

SO THIS IS WHERE YOU SAY YOU SAW THE LIVING PAINTING?
YEP. THE SAME ONE THAT SWALLOWED UP SOME OF THE OTHER PAINTINGS.

I HOPE YOU KIDS LIVE UP TO YOUR REP AND CAN HANDLE THIS, BECAUSE I'M SCARED OF IT, AND FRANK, THE OTHER GUARD, HAS VANISHED.
VANISHED? HMMM.

GRRRRRR!!!
LOOK, HE'S CAUGHT A SCENT!


LOOK! THE LIVING PAINTING!
DADA!

GET HIM!

GRRRRRR

GRRRR

GRRRR!

SNAP

YOW!

CRACK!

GOOD WORK, BOY, YOU CAPTURED THE LIVING PAINTING!

FRANK?

WHAT'S GOING ON? GET THIS CRAZY MUTT OFF ME!

GOOD JOB.

PIECE OF CAKE! THE ARTWORK'S HANGING FROM A CORD OUT THE BACK WINDOW. THIS CRIME RACKET WE'VE GOT GOING HERE RULES!

SQUID

POLICE S

HI, WE'RE MYSTERY INC. AND WE'RE HERE ABOUT THE ART MUSEUM ROBBERY.

CAME TO TURN YOURSELF IN, DID YOU?

LIKE, WHY WOULD WE DO THAT?

BECAUSE WE KNOW YOU'RE THE CROOKS. YOU ALREADY INVESTIGATED THE MUSEUM ROBBERY, AND ALL THAT HAPPENED WAS AN INNOCENT GUARD GOT FRAMED, WHILE YOU KIDS VANISHED WITH THE LOOT.

"FRAMED" IN AN ART MUSEUM. HOO-HOO. GET IT, SCOOB? FRAMED?

QUIT IT, SHAGGY!

WE NEVER INVESTIGATED THAT ROBBERY. WE THINK THAT YOUR GUARD'S NOT THE ONLY ONE BEING FRAMED.

REH-HEH-HEH

IF IT WOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE, WE'D LIKE TO VISIT THE CRIME SCENE AND LOOK FOR SOME CLUES THAT WILL LEAD US TO THE IMPOSTORS.

YOU WANT A SHOT AT CLEARING YOUR NAME, EH?

EXACTLY! WE CAN DO IT, TOO.

BE MY GUEST. WE'VE ALREADY BEEN OVER THE SITE, BUT MAYBE YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING WE MISSED.

I'VE HEARD A LOT OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT YOU KIDS. IF SOMEONE IS REALLY TRYING TO RUIN YOUR REPUTATION, I WANT THEM STOPPED AS MUCH AS YOU DO.

THERE'S NOTHING. I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE. NOT ONE.

AT THIS RATE, WE'LL NEVER FIND THEM--OR AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THEY'VE COMMITTED ANOTHER CRIME.

THEY'RE AT THE ABANDONED FIRE STATION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE NEXT TOWN HEADING NORTH FROM HERE.

JINKIES! YOU FIGURED THAT OUT JUST BY LOOKING AT THAT PAINTING?

NO. SOMEONE SPOTTED THEIR VAN AND CALLED IT IN. I JUST LIKE THIS PAINTING.

LIKE, I THINK I'M SEEING DOUBLE.

IT'S A DIFFERENT MODEL, AND THE PAINT SCHEME IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT, BUT IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D BE FOOLED TOO.

IT'S NOT NEARLY AS STYLISH!

LET'S GO SEE WHO IS INSIDE.

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

I KNEW IT! YOUR CRIME SPREE JUST HIT A *DEAD END*, IMPOSTORS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

GET THEM!

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE WITHOUT *THESE!*

HA! THERE'S NO *PRESCRIPTION* TO THOSE LENSES. I CAN SEE JUST FINE WITHOUT THEM.

CAN YOU?

OH, NO!

YOU WERE SAYING, PRETTY BOY?

MY GROUP IS MADE UP OF ACROBATS, A TRAINED ATTACK DOG, A COMPUTER HACKER, AND MYSELF. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

A HOSE.

AND I SAY YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP!

FWOOSH!

OH NO! MY CONTACT LENSES ARE GONE! I CAN'T SEE!

YIPE!

SPLOOSH!

YOU KIDS ARE THE *REAL* DEAL! GOOD JOB ROUNDING UP THE IMPOSTORS!

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE FOUND *ALL* THE STOLEN ITEMS AND FIGURED OUT *HOW* THEY DID IT.

ONE OF THE IMPOSTORS WOULD ENTER A PLACE THEY WANTED TO ROB DRESSED AS SOME STRANGE CREATURE, AND THEN THE *OTHER* FOUR WOULD SHOW UP TO "SOLVE THE CASE."

IN THE PROCESS, THE STOLEN GOODS WOULD BE *HIDDEN AWAY* WHERE THEY COULD EASILY RETRIEVE THEM LATER.

AND AN INNOCENT PERSON WOULD BE MADE TO APPEAR THAT THEY WERE THE ONE POSING AS THE CREATURE.

THEY MADE *MRS. MARSTON* LOOK GUILTY BY HIDING THE COSTUME UNDER HER BED AND CLAIMING IT WAS "*EVIDENCE*" DISCOVERED THERE. THEY KNOCKED OUT THE SECURITY GUARD, AND THEN DRESSED HIM IN THE LIVING PAINTING COSTUME SO HE LOOKED GUILTY.

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THEIR OWN COSTUMES HAVE FAILED THEM NOW.

OH NO! I THINK YOU WASHED AWAY THE *WRONG* DOG, FRED!

PLOP!

DON'T WORRY, ONLY THE *REAL* SCOOBY-DOO COULD BE THAT SILLY!

HA HA HA

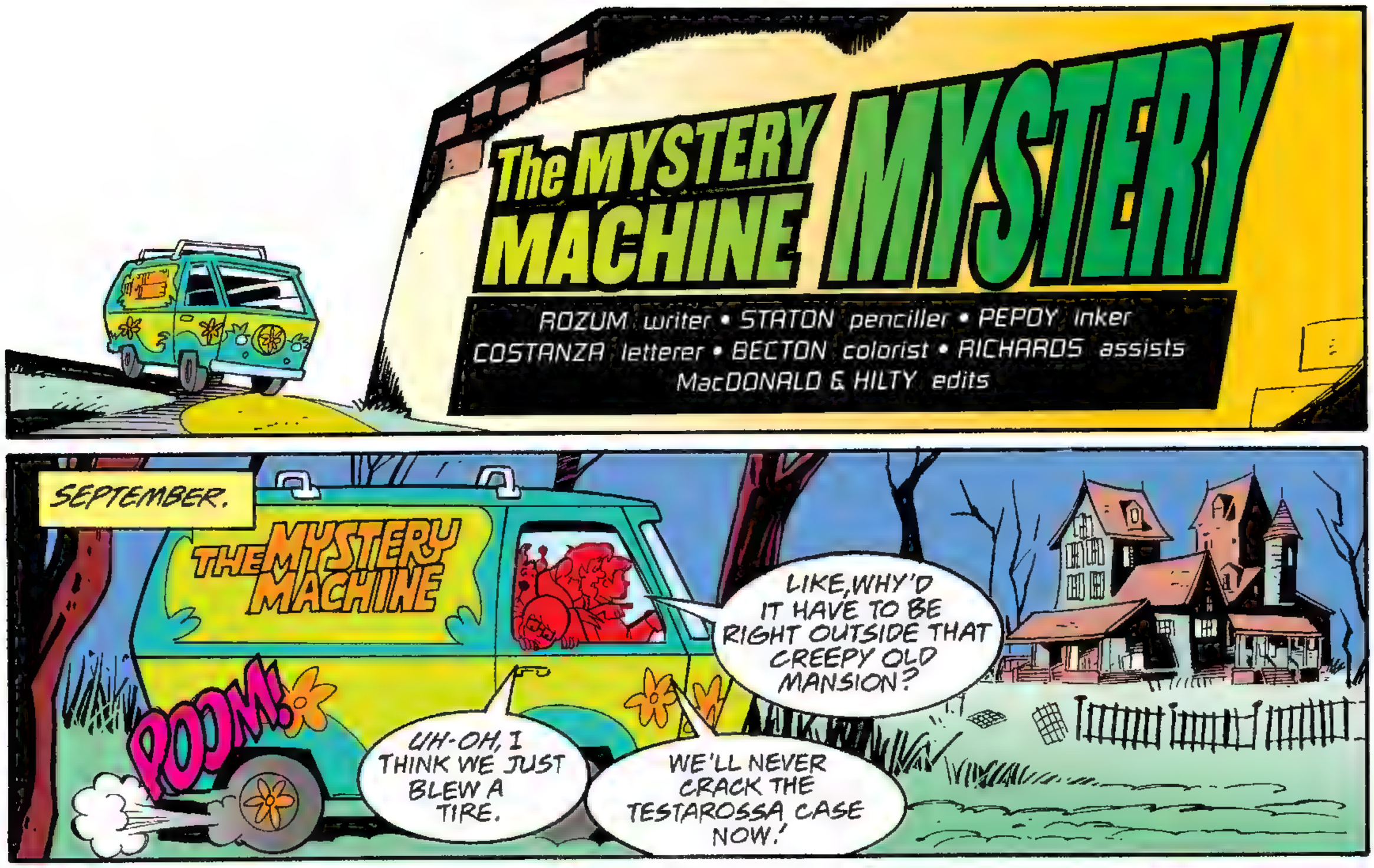
HA HA

HA

The End

The MYSTERY MACHINE MYSTERY

ROZUM writer • STATON penciller • PEPOY inker
COSTANZA letterer • BECTON colorist • RICHARDS assists
MacDONALD & HILTY edits


SEPTEMBER.
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
POOM!
UH-OH, I THINK WE JUST BLEW A TIRE.
LIKE, WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE RIGHT OUTSIDE THAT CREEPY OLD MANSION?
WE'LL NEVER CRACK THE TESTAROSSA CASE NOW.'
NOVEMBER.
WELL, GANG, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A FLAT TIRE.
AT LEAST IT DIDN'T HAPPEN BEFORE WE PUT AWAY THE FERRARI GANG.
LIKE, WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE RIGHT NEAR THAT SPOOKY OLD STEAMBOAT?
MARCH.
WELL, GANG, THE SPARE'S NO GOOD EITHER. LET'S SPLIT UP AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND THE GROUNDSKEEPER.
GULP! LIKE, WHY DON'T WE EVER BREAK DOWN IN FRONT OF A LUXURY HOTEL?
APRIL
WELL, GANG, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO FIX IT. MAYBE THERE'S A PHONE IN THAT OLD HOTEL!
ZOINKS! WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT LUXURY HOTEL?
LUXURY HOTEL
VACANCY

TODAY.

HOW DOES IT LOOK, FREDDIE?

GOLD NUGGET LUXURY HOTEL and SALOON

NOT GOOD.

SHE'S BEEN WITH US A LONG TIME, BUT I THINK SHE'S DRIVEN HER LAST MILE.

I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT...

IT'S TIME TO BUY A NEW *MYSTERY MACHINE.*

LIKE, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND A CAR DEALERSHIP OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS SPOOKY OLD GHOST TOWN?

WE'RE NOT, SHAGGY. WE'RE GOING BACK INTO TOWN ON ONE OF THOSE TOUR BUSES. WE'LL FIND A DEALERSHIP ONCE WE'RE THERE.

TOURZ

HOW DO YOU EVEN GET INTO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

A ROPE RADDER?

ONE THING'S FOR SURE. EVEN IF WE DID BREAK DOWN OUTSIDE SOME CREEPY OLD MANOR, NO GHOSTS COULD GET US WAY UP THERE.

MR. JONES? I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKING TO BUY A VAN.

YES. THAT'S RIGHT. PLEASE, JUST CALL ME "FREDDIE."

WELL, I'M AFRAID WE DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY VANS AT THE MOMENT, BUT LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WE DO HAVE. MAYBE WE CAN MEET YOUR NEEDS ANYWAY.

RORTY.

YEAH, IT'S SPORTY, ALL RIGHT, BUT, LIKE YOU'D HAVE TO BE A MOUSE TO FIT IN THAT THING.

WRATCH.

HOLD ON, SCOOBY. I'LL SEE IF ANY-ONE HAS A CAN OPENER.

RI'M RUCK.

RAGGY?

CONGRATULATIONS, FREDDIE. YOU CAN PICK IT UP ANYTIME TOMORROW AFTER NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

THANKS! I'LL SEE YOU THEN.

YOU BOUGHT A NEW VAN?

NOT UNTIL TOMORROW. THEY'RE GIVING IT A CUSTOM PAINT JOB.

WHERE IS IT? WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE IT?

YOU REMEMBERED TO GET SOMETHING WITH BUILT-IN DRINK CUP HOLDERS, DIDN'T YOU, FREDDIE?

AND A SNACK BAR, RIGHT?

YES.

YES, SHAGGY.

HEH-HEH-HEH

THE NEXT MORNING...

GEE, I'M SO EXCITED. I'LL MISS THE OLD MYSTERY MACHINE, BUT IT IS ABOUT TIME WE GOT A NEW ONE.

OTUA

SO, GANG, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

JINKIES!

LIKE, FAR OUT!

GROOVY!

RAWESOME!

SO WHAT DO YOU SAY WE TAKE HER FOR A SPIN?

VROOOOOM!!

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

LIKE, CHECK OUT ALL THESE CRAZY GADGETS! THIS AM/FM STEREO WITH A CD PLAYER IS A REAL STEP UP FROM THAT 8-TRACK IN THE OLD MYSTERY MACHINE.

YEAH, AND IT HANDLES LIKE A DREAM!

FREDDIE! LOOK OUT!

SWERVE

SCREECH

YOU WERE SAYING, FREDDIE?

ER, LOOKS LIKE IT'S HANDLING MORE LIKE A NIGHTMARE RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. IT'S FIGHTING ME, AS IF IT WERE TRYING TO CRASH US ON PURPOSE.

AND IT'S DOING A GOOD JOB TOO! ZOINKS! WATCH OUT!

CAUTION

THUMP

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

SCREECH!!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE MYSTERY MACHINE WAS HAUNTED.

HAUNTED?!

MWAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE. AND THIS IS ONE GHOST YOU CAN'T UN-MASK.

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE SOON TO BECOME GHOSTS YOURSELVES.

ZOINKS!

FRED, LOOK, THERE'S A BLACK VAN FOLLOWING US.

I SEE IT, DAPHNE.

AND LIKE THERE'S A REALLY *HIGH BRIDGE* UP AHEAD!

R'OH-NO!

"DEAD DROP GORGE." ZOINKS, I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

DEAD DROP GORGE BRIDGE

IF I DON'T REGAIN CONTROL OF THE WHEEL, THERE'S GOING TO BE A SOUND YOU LIKE EVEN LESS.

LIKE, WHAT COULD *THAT* BE?

US HITTING THE BOTTOM OF DEAD DROP GORGE.

GULP!

HMMM.
A BUG.
LIKE, WHAT'S THAT?
RUG? YECCH!
NOT THAT KIND OF BUG, SCOOBY. IT'S AN ELECTRONIC LISTENING DEVICE. IT'S ALSO A CLUE.
FRED, DAPHNE, HERE'S WHAT I NEED YOU BOTH TO DO...
HERE GOES. I HOPE EVERYONE'S BUCKLED UP.
LIKE, I SURE HOPE YOU HAVE INSURANCE.
NOW, DAPHNE!
SCREECH!!
CRASH!!!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE

IS EVERYONE SURE THEY'RE OKAY?

YEAH, BUT NO THANKS TO THIS GUY!

WHO IS HE?

TOW

HIS NAME'S PHILIP SCREW-DRIVER. HE WAS THE MECHANIC OF A VILLAINOUS RACE CAR DRIVER NAMED STANLEY TESTARROSSA WHO WE HELPED PUT BEHIND BARS SOME TIME AGO.

THEN HE WORKED WITH THE FERRARI GANG, A BUNCH OF ROBBERS WHO USED HIGH-SPEED GETAWAY VEHICLES. WE PUT THEM BEHIND BARS, TOO.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNING REVENGE. WHEN WE BOUGHT THE NEW MYSTERY MACHINE HE GOT HIS CHANCE BY RIGGING THE STEERING TO A REMOTE CONTROL HE WAS OPERATING.

AND I ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT, TOO. YOU KIDS MEDDLE TOO MUCH.

WELL, HE CERTAINLY MADE SURE YOU WON'T EVER BE DRIVING YOUR NEW RIG AGAIN.

THAT'S OKAY, OFFICER...

"I HAVE ANOTHER VEHICLE THAT I'D RATHER DRIVE ANYWAY."

IT SURE IS, VELMA.

IT SURE IS.

WHAT'S THAT PINGING SOUND, FRED? IS THE MYSTERY MACHINE SUPPOSED TO BE RATTLING LIKE THAT?

PING PING PING PING

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

The End

SON OF ULTRON